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INTERNATIONAL COOPERATION ADMINISTRATION

RANGOON SCHOOLBOYS wear usual Burmese top knots, but cut them off at a later age

► West Germany's *Wirtschaftswunder*

► Rangoon, Burma's Pulsing Port

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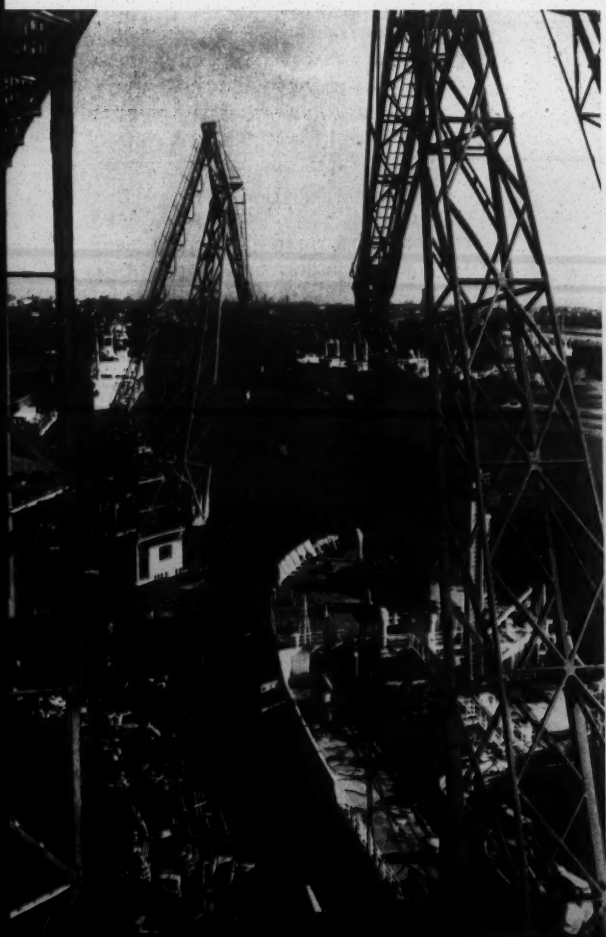
POSTWAR FRONTIER splits Germany into the Federal Republic and the Eastern Zone. Striped areas, once German, are now provisionally under the administration of Poland and the U.S.S.R. Berlin, former capital of Germany, lies 110 miles inside the Eastern Zone. The U.S.S.R., the United States, Britain, and France still occupy the city.

destroy knowledge. The industrialist still knew his business. His engineers could design a locomotive, his workmen retained the skills to put it together, as reported by Assistant Editor Robert Leslie Conly in the June, 1959, *National Geographic*.

The *Wirtschaftswunder* carried West Germany beyond its prewar achievements. By 1958 the factories and mines of the Ruhr were producing more coal, more steel, and more chemicals than they produced in any other peacetime year. Essen's House of Krupp, former giant armaments works, now produces steel for peacetime uses, from locomotives to stainless dentures. West Germany's over-all production is more than double that of 1936.



Last year Germany, through throbbing ports like Bremen, left, exported more cars and trucks than any other country and still managed to boost to 4,000,000 the number which jam her own roads. The Volkswagen factory, turned over to a Federal Government trust in 1949 because none of the occupation authorities wanted it, produced its two-millionth car within eight years.

The country still wears scars of the war, but reconstruction forges ahead as determinedly as production. Nearly 5,000,000 new homes have gone up since 1949. Office buildings and apartment houses of chrome, aluminum, steel, and glass now stand amid the scarred walls and vacant lots of Munich. Shop windows gleam with television sets, refrigerators, new cars, clothing, and jewelry.

UMI

West Germany Earns Prosperity

A SNUB-NOSED Volkswagen rolls off the assembly line of a Wolfsburg plant. A new liner slips down the ways at Hamburg. A procession of barges flying the flags of Belgium, France, Switzerland, and the Netherlands makes its ponderous way up the Rhine. These scenes tell one story: West Germany's 14-year climb from desolation to riches.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERICH LESSING, MAGNUM

It is the story of a nation, gradually shrunk from the German Empire of 1871—which by 1914 totaled over 208,000 square miles—to a country a little smaller than Oregon, pulling itself up by its bootstraps and once again becoming a world power.

Germans call the saga their *Wirtschaftswunder*—the "economic miracle."

World War II left Hitler's dreams of world domination shattered.

The country was without a government, without mail, telephones, or transportation, even without medicines. During the first postwar year, the German diet dropped below the minimum considered necessary for bare subsistence. Germans stood on the brink of starvation. The destruction of nearly half of Germany's more than 10,000,000 homes and apartments left millions homeless. Large cities were 60 to 90 per cent destroyed.

The famous mines and mills of the Ruhr stood silent. In the American zone of occupation, only one factory in ten could function. Sunken barges and ships jammed harbors, canals, and rivers. Broken bridges blocked railroads and highways.

Then this devastated and defeated country bounced back to prosperity faster than her neighbors who won the war.

Economic controls and reforms put the economy back on a sound basis. Nearly four billion dollars in United States aid poured in to start the industrial wheels turning and keep the people from starving.

But most of all, the industry and energy of the German people rebuilt their leveled land. Bombs had destroyed their factories and their homes, but bombs could not

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gaden and has converted it to a restaurant.

Some traditions remain unchanged. Like medieval minstrels, the entertainer and his wife (right) travel the roads, spinning old stories for the pleasure of the villagers.

But shadows darken this sunny picture of West Germany's bustling prosperity and Old World charm: the shadows of East Germany, Berlin, and the U.S.S.R.

After World War II, Germany's second attempt in 25 years to conquer the world, the Allies split the country into four zones of occupation: the Soviet zone of 41,500 square miles on the east, the Western zone of 96,000 square miles divided among Great Britain, France, and the United States. The Western Allies gave their zones sovereignty, as the Federal Republic of Germany, in 1949. Soon after, the Soviet Union gave its area the trappings of independence. The Federal Republic joined NATO. The eastern zone became the German Democratic Republic and joined the Communist bloc. The West still does not recognize the East German government.

The four allies divided Berlin, the capital of Germany, in the same manner. The city lies 110 miles by road inside East Germany, and the Western Allies maintain access, presumably assured at the end of the war, by air, canal, rail, and highway.

In 1948, the Russians blockaded land and water routes to West Berlin, and a giant airlift operated by the three Western powers supplied the city until traffic resumed. Then last November, the Russians delivered an ultimatum to the West: make Berlin a demilitarized free city, or they would turn over their Berlin responsibilities to the East Germans.

The West said "no" to both alternatives and warned it would guard its rights in Berlin even at the risk of war. It was against this background that President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev met in Washington. Further negotiations will take place with Germany high on the list of issues. L.B.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

We Win International Understanding Award

The *Geographic School Bulletins* proudly announces the winning of the first annual Eleanor Fishburn Award "for outstanding contribution to international understanding." The Educational Press Association of America, Washington Chapter, sponsor of the honor, presented the plaque during its September meeting. The winning entry —the issue of May 11, 1959—was devoted entirely to "Black Africa at Mid-Century."

UMI

Hamburg, Germany's largest port, reflects the general prosperity of the country —even with its housing shortage and its cut in trade with East Germany. World War II bombs flattened it, destroyed half its homes, and littered the harbor. Today, rivet guns, which last year helped launch 76 new ships, chatter in Hamburg's six large shipyards. Modern wharves with streamlined equipment make it one of the world's fastest ports for loading and unloading.

With all the reconstruction, modernization, and the inroads of American folkways—jazz fans gather for jam sessions and blue-jeaned teen-agers jitterbug at Berlin's Eggshell club—the past is never out of sight.

After bombs flattened the Old World section of Frankfurt, a crossroads of trade since earliest times, workmen rebuilt City Hall and Goethe House (below), birthplace of the poet-dramatist Johann Wolfgang von Goethe.

The city of Heidelberg, beside the Neckar River, preserves its antique beauty by not allowing the factory chimneys of its new industries in the Old Town, where a 573-year-old university rises above the medieval rooftops. Several times every summer fireworks memorialize the flaming death dealt to the town's castle twice by Louis XIV.

Rhine villages—clusters of tight-packed

ERICH LESSING, MAGNUM

houses dominated by the castle on a hill above—look as if they had emerged from a fairy tale. Long after other European nations had developed strong central governments, Germany remained divided in small kingdoms, dukedoms, counties, bishoprics, and free cities. These tiny political units fought each other, collected taxes and tolls on roads and rivers.

So grew the original castles on the Rhine—fortresses equipped with strong walls and moats to which the local ruler could retire when besieged.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

Young girls gather grapes for famed Rhine wine below Schönburg castle (above), part of which dates back 2,000 years. Like many another old castle Schönburg now houses a hotel and a youth hostel. Enterprising Germans, in the face of the booming vacation business, have modernized some of the castles, turned them into hotels. For a few dollars a day you can rent a room and live like a prince. The German Alpine Club now owns Hitler's retreat at Berchtes-

cornices, and mouldings. They laid wide, straight boulevards and gave them English names.

But with all its British overlay, Rangoon is unmistakably Asian.

Through the streets wheel trishaws—bicycles with open sidecars that have supplanted the rickshaw. Crowds of smiling Burmese in colorful costumes hurry along the boulevards, mingling with the Indian and Chinese businessmen who carry on the bulk of the city's commercial activities. Burmese men and women still wear the national skirt called the *longyi*—a silk, cotton, or, today, a nylon garment such as those worn by the women above selling their mangoes in the open market.

Both men and women smoke cigars and some still puff the "whackin' white cheroot" of Kipling's *Mandalay*—tobacco and ground pith rolled into a cylinder.

In the early morning Buddhist monks and acolytes pause in front of shops and homes, their black begging bowls in hand. As in neighboring Laos (see last week's *Bulletins*) every boy is expected to enter a monastery for at least a few weeks.

Most Burmese are Buddhists. The spires of the pagodas stab the sky over Rangoon like spears of gold. The most famous of them all, Shwe Dagon, the largest Buddhist pagoda of its kind in the world, towers 370 feet above its hilltop.

Tradition says that men bearing eight hairs of Buddha decided to bury them on this site. Five hundred years before Christ, the original pagoda, only 30 feet high, was built. Kings, queens, and commoners have contributed gold, silver, precious stones, and other rich gifts to it. It has been altered and enlarged through the centuries.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

Its great golden dome is now surrounded by more than 60 smaller pagodas plus other shrines and rest houses for pilgrims. Women at right walk barefoot to worship at one of the many shrines.

They may linger for a whole morning or afternoon, kneeling in prayer before a Buddha, offering gay paper decorations or flowers, walking with their families, or meditating alone or with a priest.

Pagodas like the Shwe Dagon remind the Burmese that their culture dates back more than 2,000 years. The ultramodern architecture of part of the University of Rangoon challenges them to look toward the future.

Last spring the city went on a drastic cleanup drive. Thousands of the capital's more than 700,000 people lived in squatters' shacks—huts of timber, bamboo, and thatch.

The squatters were given 48 hours to tear down their hovels, at which time army trucks moved the families to three new suburban communities. Within weeks, thousands of new Burmese houses of wood and bamboo set off the ground on stilts had sprouted in the suburbs. Streets were repaved, sewage and water systems renovated, and public parks regroomed. L.B.

UMI

W. ROBERT MOORE, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF

Rangoon... Throbs to Trade and Temple Drums

BURMA HAS ITS own Mississippi River, the Irrawaddy. On its brown flood, high-piled river boats funnel the fruit of the interior south to Rangoon, the capital.

Life moves to the beat of the bustling port. Handling more than 80 per cent of Burma's trade, it lies 20 miles from the sea, on the bank of the Rangoon River, one of the outlets of the many-mouthed Irrawaddy. Small boats bring in fruits and vegetables to the city markets, above. Freighters line the banks, ready to take to foreign markets the wealth of the country's fields, mines, and forests.

Docks and warehouses edge the harbor. Teak logs from the northern mountains float down through rushing streams, rivers, and canals to waiting ships. Rice, bran, petroleum products, hides, silver, lead, zinc, copper, and lacquer work leave Rangoon for world ports. The capital began as a small settlement and grew with its trade.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

The city itself still shows the imprint of the British. They raised their ponderous buildings about 1880. They had taken lower Burma in 1852 and invaded upper Burma by 1885. Britain ruled the nation until 1948, then gave it independence on January 4, a day Burmese astrologers proclaimed propitious.

The English built in Rangoon solid piles of heavy Victorian architecture—tall white or ochre-washed houses with ornate fronts of pillared windows, little balconies, heavy

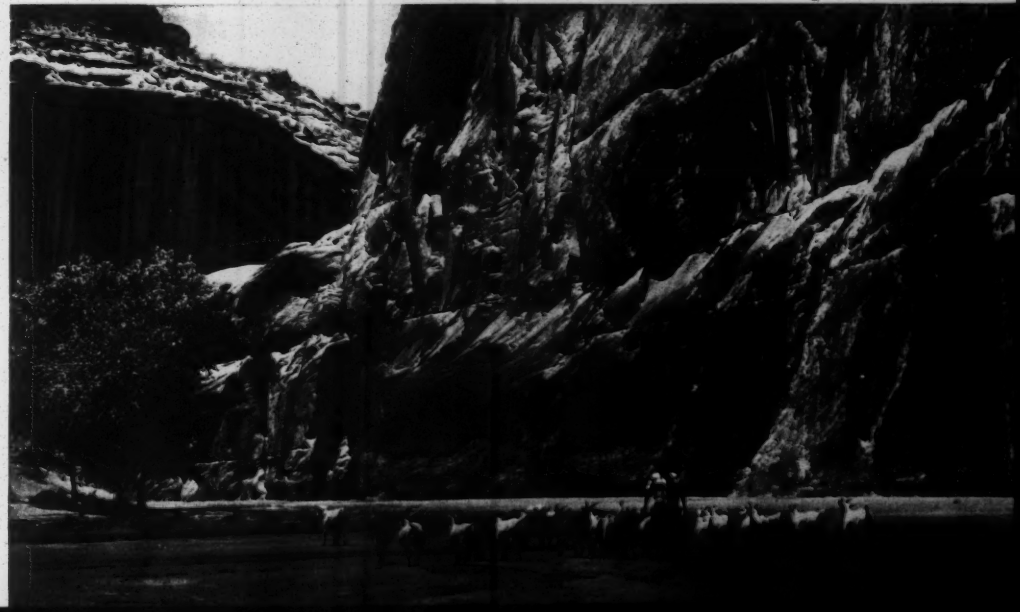
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER KATHLEEN REVIS

SNOW IN JULY—Hikers cross a snow field near Mount Cannon in Glacier National Park, Montana. Warmed by the sun, they need only light clothing.

NAVAJO girl drives flock across the floor of Canyon de Chelly, an Arizona National Monument, where centuries of water and wind have hung multicolored draperies on the canyon walls. The Navajo tribe may live here forever—a unique concession on national park land.

BUFFALO FAMILY—At home on the rolling prairie of Wind Cave National Park, South Dakota, these shaggy beasts attract visitors who want to see the animals that dominated the midlands of America before hunters almost made them extinct. Once 60,000,000 roamed the West. By 1889 only about 1,000 were left. Protection has increased the herds tenfold—most of them in parks.

RALPH GRAY, NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC STAFF: ABOVE. NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER BATES LITTLEHALES



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NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER B. ANTHONY STEWART

Your Rich Inheritance of Parklands

LIKE STAINED GLASS, blue camp smoke filters the sunlight among the cathedral shafts of Sequoia National Park, California, as a family enjoys part of the vast estate that is owned by the people of the United States.

This park is only a tiny corner of the 24,000,000 acres of scenic beauty, scientific treasures, historic shrines, wildlife haunts, and romping grounds preserved for Americans by the National Park System. The parks are the subject of the lavishly illustrated new book *America's Wonderlands*, published by the National Geographic Society.

The campers enjoying their bacon and coffee among trees that were full grown when Julius Caesar conquered Gaul symbolize the flood of visitors who take advantage of their rich heritage. Each year Americans make some 60,000,000 visits to their estate, which lies in scattered parcels from Maine to Hawaii.

CARLOS C. CAMPBELL

Some, like the climbers on the next page, enjoy physical adventure; others prefer to watch animals such as the white-tailed deer (right) in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. Others simply refresh themselves with wild scenery.

The full dividend of a visit, Park Director Conrad L. Wirth writes in *America's Wonderlands*, is achieved "not only through lungs filled with clean air and eyes soothed by natural beauty, but in spirits enriched perhaps beyond immediate understanding." F.S.

large boxes of "furniture" arriving failed to arouse the suspicions of his neighbors. They suspected him of nothing more than owning an extra-large wardrobe—his followers hid in the farmhouse, and the burdened clothesline attracted some attention.

On October 16, 1859, the town became better acquainted with Brown. He unloaded rifles and pistols from the furniture boxes, gathered his score of men, and seized the federal arsenal.

John Brown's success lasted two days. At dawn on October 18, a detachment of marines from Washington, commanded by Colonel Robert E. Lee, battered down the door and captured the raiders at bayonet point.

John Brown put Harpers Ferry on the national scene. The Civil War kept it there. The town assumed military importance as an outpost guarding the Capital and the key to control of the railroad west. Both the North and South fought for Harpers Ferry, and it changed hands repeatedly during the war. Residents often woke in the morning and wondered which side they were on.

The Civil War left Harpers Ferry ruined, a ghost of itself. The mills and rifle works were leveled. Of the armory buildings all that remained intact was the engine house where John Brown made his last stand.

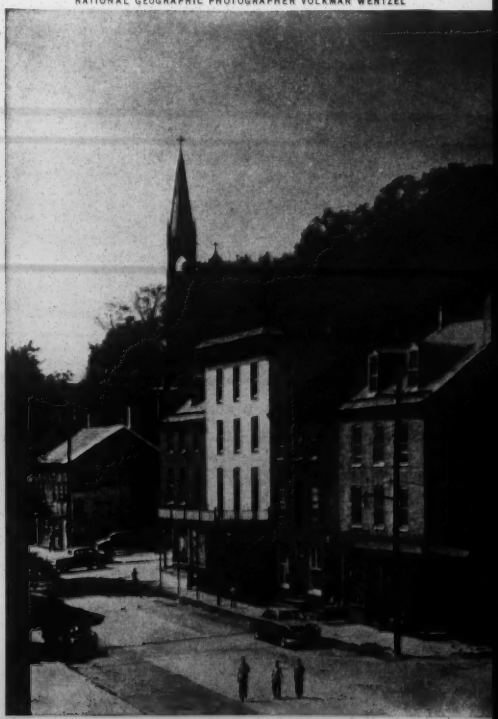
The town never fully recovered. The Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, competing to open the West, both served Harpers Ferry and gave it a small boom in the early 19th century. But the automobile left the town stranded, a relic. High-speed highways eventually bypassed Harpers Ferry completely.

The town lifted its head briefly as a quiet resort for Washington vacationers, artists, and antiquarians, but the depression and flood waters destroyed that minor boom, too. Population declined.

However, today, at the prodding of the National Park Service, the sleeping town awakes. Next week end, the citizens will stage a four-day re-enactment of Brown's raid. Harpers Ferry is a United States National Monument, authorized by Congress in 1944. A long-range restoration program is under way.

The scene to be recreated is that of Harpers Ferry at the beginning of the Civil War. A fraternal organization established as a national shrine the farmhouse where John Brown hid out. "John Brown's Fort," the red-brick fire engine house where he was captured, still stands, though on a different location. Period glassware and fashions are displayed in former shop windows. The National Park Service has established a Visitor Center with relics and pictorial exhibits, and is restoring the home of Robert Harper, who founded the town in 1747. The Park Service has also torn down several buildings constructed after the Civil War. (See *National Geographic*, March, 1957.) Although the project is not scheduled for completion until 1966, visitors last year numbered 250,000.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL



DOWNTOWN Harpers Ferry dozes in the sun. Here, Brown fought the militia in 1859.

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LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Harpers Ferry 100 Years After

A VOLLEY OF SHOTS spurts from the old firehouse as United States Marines smash at its door with a heavy ladder. Suddenly the wood splinters, the Marines pour in, and the firing dies. Dead with it are the mad dreams of gaunt, bearded John Brown.

Convinced that God had chosen him as an instrument to free the slaves, Brown was ready to deal out death to anyone who stood in his way. Known as Osawatomie Brown, and carrying a $250 price on his head for his bloody exploits near Osawatomie, Kansas, he struck at Harpers Ferry 100 years ago this week, 18 months before the Civil War began. He had 21 followers, and a detailed plan to overthrow the government and name himself commander in chief. He believed the slaves would rise up and flock to his cause. They didn't.

Now, with a final burst of gun fire, it was over. John Brown would be tried and hanged in due course—but, as the Civil War song declares, his soul went marching on.

Before John Brown sowed his grapes of wrath at Harpers Ferry (then in Virginia, now in West Virginia), the hill-ringed town had already lived a picturesque century. Robert Harper, in 1747, came to this spot where rivers meet and mountain ranges tumble to water level, and operated a ferry across the Potomac. George Washington saw the site, protected by the Blue Ridge Mountains, as the perfect place for an arsenal to supply guns to an infant nation. Iron ore, water power, and plenty of timber were handy. To Thomas Jefferson, it offered natural beauty. He wrote, "This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic."

But Harpers Ferry tempted Osawatomie Brown with the arms in its arsenal, with its hiding places near by, and a natural escape route north.

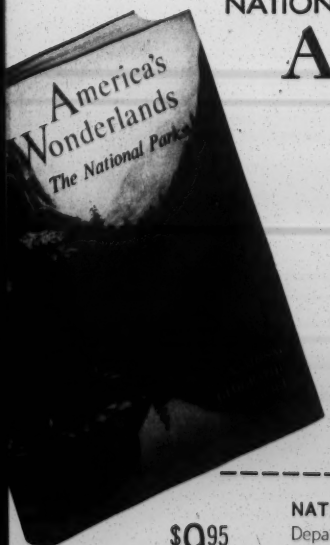
So, masquerading as Isaac Smith, land and cattle buyer, Brown rented a Maryland farmhouse about five miles from town and settled down to hatch his plot. Several

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PHOTOGRAPHER VOLKMAR WENTZEL

WHERE THREE STATES, TWO RIVERS MEET: Picnickers on Maryland Heights look down on historic Harpers Ferry, West Virginia, Civil War landmark. Virginia lies at left out of the picture. Potomac River, right, swallows waters of the Shenandoah at junction below.

NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC PRESENTS

America's Wonderlands



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